



I went down to St. James In-firm'ry to see my ba-by there, she was ly-

in' on a long white ta-ble, so sweet, so cool, so fair.

I went down to St. James Infirmary
To see my baby there,
She was lyin' on a long white table,
So sweet, so cool, so fair.

I went down to old Joe's barroom,
On the corner by the square
They were serving the drinks as usual,
And the usual crowd was there.

Let her go, let her go, God bless her;
Wherever she may be
She may search the wide world over
And never find a better man than me

Get six gamblers to carry my coffin
Six chorus girls to sing me a song
Put a twenty-piece jazz band
on my tail gate
To raise Hell as we go along

Went up to see the doctor,
"She's very low," he said;
Went back to see my baby
Good God! She's lying there dead.

On my left stood old Joe McKennedy,
And his eyes were bloodshot red;
He turned to the crowd around him,
These are the words he said:

Oh, when I die, please bury me
In my ten dollar Stetson hat;
Put a twenty-dollar gold piece
on my watch chain
So my friends'll know
I died standin' pat.

Now that's the end of my story
Let's have another round of booze
And if anyone should ask you
just tell them
I've got the St. James Infirmary blues